The Black Cat

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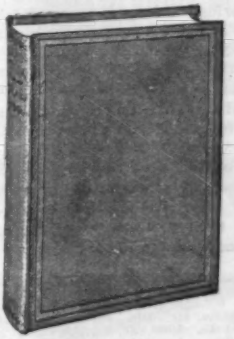

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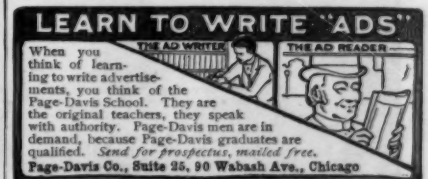

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A Tale Never Told.*

BY ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY.

OAT, ahoy!"

The rigging was wet, the rail was wet, and great drops of water dripped, dripped, dripped with a loud spat on the deck.

Old Captain Simes stood by the starboard quarter with his weather-beaten hands forming a speaking-trumpet at his lips. Then he turned his head to one side and listened. The anchor-chain rattled as the schooner rose and fell on the long swell and tugged gently for her freedom; the waves lapped and slapped against the sides of the *Jasper* as if with tender caresses for the black and dingy hulk of the old fisherman, which had swung at anchor so many seasons on these very Banks.

"Boat, ahoy! ahoy!"

The captain edged nearer to the rail and turned his bronzed face more to one side. The dense fog drifted by like great drops of rain floating in the air. The masts and rigging were indistinct. and out over the water there was nothing but gray, gray, gray, The fog surely had shut in over the Great Banks off Newfoundland like smoke over the scene of battle.

Only it seemed so peaceful there on the Banks. There could

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* The writer of this story received one-half of the $1,000 cash prize in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending February 26, 1902.

be no danger, no battle, no carnage. The winds had almost gone to rest. The fog drifted slowly, the schooner pulled gently at her moorings, the pennant at the mainmast-head only wearily at times, like a drowsy man, seemed to try to stretch itself astern.

But the captain knew that the barometer was falling, and he listened.

"'Ere, boy," he called, after a pause, "'ave a turn ag'in at th' 'orn. 'Ere, blow 'er off th' quarter 'ere."

A rude, ungainly lad of fourteen, whose hands and arms and feet and legs fitted him no better than his coarse, fish-stained garments, slouched from the mist forward with fog-horn in hand, a long, battered, venerable-looking instrument of tin, which had called to many a scattered flock of yawls and dories and gathered them about the *Jasper* as a hen would gather her brood beneath her wings, and had blared through the darkness at a great ocean-liner with all the fury of a bantam cock at a Plymouth Rock rooster.

Jock lifted the horn to the rail, squared his legs and bent his knees and bowed his head, like a bull, as if to drive the sound by personal prowess for miles through the gray wall before him.

"Give 'er a good un, lad," encouraged the captain. "Let 'er go!"

And Jock "let 'er go" with all his might, and grew red in the face as the sound was prolonged into a sudden wail, which seemed to push the blast far seaward.

"Aye! Good, me lad, good!" said the captain. "Now, listen."

They both listened. The sound died away. And, then, soon there came an answering call, faint and low.

"Aye, there!" exclaimed the old sailor; "that's Ferguson,—that's 'im — with a voice like a steam-whistle — that's 'im, an' 'e's answerin' fer th' crowd of 'em. Let 'er go ag'in, Jock."

Jock blew again, and the process was repeated, until at length there came up through the mist the regular sound of dipping oars and the voices of men. Then, phantoms on the drab curtain of the fog, little by little they took shape, as if hung midway in the air, with gray above and gray below them. Gradually they seemed to descend into a foreground of water, to push aside the curtain, to take real shape, and then, beside the schooner, to become foul and battered dories, propelled by common fishermen wreathed with a

halo of tobacco smoke and redolent with the fumes of many a debauch, many a salt soaking and many a flapping fish.

There was Ferguson, admiral of a little navy of five small craft, each manned by two seamen.

Captain Simes looked the dories over as they came alongside and noted with satisfaction the shining mass of fish which each contained.

"Where's Lancaster?" he asked shortly and gruffly, as he observed that the fleet consisted of but five and not six dories.

"Should be here, Cap'n," answered Ferguson. "Took th' outside trawls. Thought 'e'd put back. Inquired fer me compass as th' fog come on an' said 'e'd start 'fore I did."

Captain Simes said nothing. Words were of little use. Each man knew the wind had veered and would soon freshen; and, from the blowing of the horn and the old man's evident anxiety, each one knew that the mercury was falling. Orders were unnecessary. The fish must be thrown into the pen on deck; the dories must be hauled alongside and hoisted aboard.

Captain Simes now sent Jock off to help the men, and, taking the horn himself, put it to his firmly puckered lips and blew into it blasts which bore the strength of faultless lungs and the earnest longings of a tender heart.

Had not Lancaster, the son of his boyhood's friend, grown up in his own cabin, and, these years past, faced the same gales with him and shared in the same briny harvests? Did not Lancaster, seven years gone, take to his own cottage and manly heart the confiding trust of Margey Simes, the old skipper's only daughter? And was not Lancaster the father of those little tots who at the old sailor's home-coming climbed up on his knee and called him "Grandpa"?

Lancaster was still out! The fog was thick! Bad weather was brewing!

Every man aboard ship understood full well why the captain took and blew the horn himself, and every man, though rough and rude, readier to speak of death and hell than of love and devotion, nevertheless let his own heart go out with the captain's in the long, loud wails of the old tin horn.

Never spake a horn more valiantly. It rose; it prolonged the call; it throbbed with sympathy; it rested; it waited; it threw

its whole soul into the cry; it pierced the fog; it defied the wind; it sent its sharp summons skimming over the waves; it shrilly soared aloft among the clouds; it circled out over the wide waste of waters. It was searching for Lancaster with all its length of tube, with all its vibrant flute and sounding sides, with all its fierce blare and might.

It was calling Lancaster to safety; it was telling him of home and wife and babes; it was eloquent with the longings of a brave and loving heart.

But in fog-horn language the old battered horn was simply saying: "Here, Lancaster, here's the *Jasper*. Come on, man!"

But Lancaster did not respond.

The wind rose, and hustled and harried the fog. The gale came on. The *Jasper* was obliged to hoist anchor and, closely reefed, to scud for life before the fury of the storm.

. . . . . .

Tending trawls in a small boat on the wide ocean is not usually a lonesome occupation.

The schooner rides steadily at anchor on her station. That is home; and there one may find comforts of a simple yet satisfying sort. In the dory is a companion, and at a distance, seldom far, other fishermen in other dories ply the same task, meet the same experiences and compete in a craftsman's generous rivalry.

Lancaster had a love of the sea in every form. He had been born near its rocky border; he had toddled into its surf when almost a baby and had learned to master its moods, whether by swimming, rowing or sailing; and since his father's death he had made every voyage with Captain Simes in the *Jasper*. When Captain Simes should become too old for further service at sea, Lancaster was to run the *Jasper;* and, if they wished to separate before that time, for the sake of larger profits, it had often been talked that they should build together a new schooner for Lancaster's own command.

But Lancaster preferred to remain still aboard of the *Jasper*. The old man had neither wife nor child at home now, and Lancaster would not leave him. However, of late he had insisted that Captain Simes should not tend trawls, but should remain always on board the *Jasper* with Jock, while he would man the dory alone

and would endeavor to take and fetch enough fish for both. And his expectation of an abundance was seldom disappointed, for, while he usually tended trawls the farthest away, he generally returned with the largest fares. It was either his skill in setting the trawls or in selecting and placing the bait, or some "luck" which the other members of the crew believed in but could not account for.

"Hullo, there, Ferguson," he called to one of his mates, tossing in a dory just to the windward.

But Ferguson was bent over, taking a big cod from the hook, while the fish was flapping on the bottom and the waves were lapping on the sides of the boat, and Robbins, Ferguson's companion, was talking, so neither of them heard.

"Ahoy, there, Ferguson, ahoy!"

This time Ferguson looked up, for his fish had been unhooked and killed.

"Aye, aye!" came the answer.

"Fog's comin' down, ain't it?"

"Aye, looks like it; wind, too."

"Aye, right. But I've got this trawl to finish." And then, after a pause — "say, you got a spare compass?"

"No; only one," was shouted back.

"All right, never mind; I 'ave th' bearin's all right, an' will start 'fore you."

Each returned to his work on the trawls, pulling up the long line, passing it over the dory, removing the fish, baiting the hooks and paying out the line again to sink to the bottom. When Lancaster reached the farther buoy, his tub of bait was nearly exhausted and his dory was piled high, fore and aft, with handsome fish.

The fog was shutting in fast. Then Lancaster gave way to a habit of his, of talking to himself when off in the dory alone.

"Hm! Nasty! Thicker by an' by! But I know the course — 'bout two p'ints off th' wind. Wish, though, I'd th' compass" — adding, as he looked around at the wind — "this wind may shift soon."

He levelled over the pile of fish, placed the board which served as a seat on top, stretched out his legs and kicked until his feet had made a comfortable hole amid the cargo, and then, taking the

oars, pulled against the wind, allowing a little drift to account for the two points.

The fog was now so dense that he could see only a few boat-lengths in any direction.

"Ef Jock 'adn't been careless an' let that coat fall overboard, I'd 'ad it on now, an' th' compass's in th' right-han' pocket. Now this wind's onsartin an' I need it."

. . . . . .

"Th' *Gary* 's off yander, an' th' *Corkscrew* 's off *yander*. But th' *Corkscrew's* horn's shrill an' sharp. The *Gary's*, though, an' ourn are like two cod — can't tell 'em apart."

Then he pulled harder on the oars. The fog settled over him, drenching his shirt and fringing his hair and beard with drops of moisture like diamonds.

At length he paused and listened. He heard a sound; his brows knitted.

"A liner," was his nonchalant remark.

The wind was increasing just a little, but it seemed now to come almost over his stern. Had the wind shifted? Had it? or had he veered his course? Was he rowing towards the *Jasper*, or was he pulling out to sea? He knew full well the meaning of these swift questions; but he was not alarmed. If only the fog would lift and he could get his bearings! The *Jasper*, he knew, would look for him as eagerly as ever he could look for her. But the fog was dense and impenetrable — nothing but gray, gray, gray in every direction.

The ocean-liner he could hear blowing her whistle, and he could hear the jar of her screw; but she was far away and going farther.

He listened. The wind surely had begun to freshen. He shouted. There was no response. His own voice seemed to be lost and drowned in the fog.

Then he mentally took account of stock. In his pockets were lines, hooks, pins, tobacco, matches and a pipe. In the boat were two oars, an empty bait-tub, a piece of canvas, a jug of water and about two hundred fish.

In disgust he began to throw the fish overboard. Then he stopped and shook the water-jug. It was ominously empty.

"Less'n a quart," he said, between compressed lips.

The wind became gusty. Philosophically he ceased to row against it. The fog was moving, but it began to rain in fierce squalls.

"Must fin' me," he said. "Can't fin' them. Must wait till th' blow's over."

Then he spread the canvas in the bottom of the boat to catch all the rain he could; but the wind almost tore it from his grasp, and he weighted it down with fish.

He could barely keep the dory now running with the wind and athwart the waves. But she was staunch for a skiff, and drove fiercely on.

"Margey," he muttered at length in low tones — "Margey, Margey, Margey" — and he repeated the name over and over. It was not a cry; it was not a moan; it was more of a lover's tone and accent. "Margey, lass, you've been good to me — too good — I — I 'aven't deserved it. Aye, lass, I 'ave spoke cross an' rough an' acted like a brute, Margey. I'll be better, lass, jus' lemme try ag'in. Fergive me, Margey, an' God fergive me jus' this once.

"Aye, what a pritty baby, Margey. Looks like you, Margey — eyes — head — hair — all yourn, Margey. Aye, aye, lass — aye — aye, lass."

The strong man was sober, and his eyes had a far-away look.

It grew dark, and the wind strengthened; and —

The dory rode on before the gale.

. . . . . .

"As I was saying, Gardner, this line and this boat I consider the best on the Atlantic. The Oversea Company gives a good service, and the *Nomissian* is the best ship in the line. She leaves her dock in Liverpool at three o'clock in the afternoon and in a week at twelve o'clock she's at the dock in New York. She makes her time like a railway train. You can rely upon her as on the clock. She never varies five minutes. That's the beauty of coming this way. I cable to Southard, 'Lunch, Wednesday, one, Waldorf.' He understands that I will lunch with him next Wednesday at the Waldorf-Astoria at one o'clock; and he's there and I'm there. That's what I like."

The speaker was Richmond James Greene, a gentleman of

wealth and leisure, who had been spending a winter on the Nile between Cairo and Assuan and the spring in Paris, and now, in midsummer, was returning to his home in New York, preparatory to rounding out August and a part of September at Newport. He sat in the smoking-room of the *Nomissian*.

Gardner, his companion, was busy lighting a choice cigar which the steward had just brought him. The flash of the match, as he drew in the first strong puffs, lighted up a face of natural mildness and geniality, yet showing also marks of careless ease and selfish pleasure. When the cigar was well aglow, with the right hand he tossed the still burning match into a corner and with his left turned the cigar and studied its glowing end for a moment in silence and then spoke slowly, without either force or feeling:

"True, old man, true — always on time. But do you know, I sometimes think it costs rather too much. Did you ever go to Gloucester and hear the fishermen talk? Did you ever hear what they say in Yarmouth? These big liners are the terror of the fishermen on the Banks. They come like death and destruction. They are more relentless than fate. We fellows bet on the run; we cable for dinner an hour after the ship's due at her dock; and the Company has its reputation to maintain. So the captain gets his orders to push her through, whatever comes, and the ship in consequence goes like a cannon ball."

Greene was lazily stroking his moustache and looking at Gardner out of half-closed eyes, evidently with no answer at hand. After a few moments Gardner continued.

"You see," he said, carrying out his line of thought leisurely, as he watched the circles of smoke curling upward, little caring whether Greene gave heed or not, "these fishermen anchor on the Banks and send out small boats to set and tend lines. Then the 'greyhound' comes. She blows her whistle and fifty fishermen in the anchored vessels and small boats hear. But what can they do? Which way shall they flee? Perhaps there is no wind. The great ship pounces among them like a hawk among —"

"Whale in sight! Whale in sight! Come out, if you want to see a whale!" shouted a voice at the smoking-room door.

A stampede ensued. Cards were turned down, checker-boards and glasses were left as they were.

"Anything for excitement," exclaimed one.

"Where away?" inquired another, as they gathered by the rail on deck.

"Here, here! There! Right off the side. 'Way out. See?" answered the tall man who had given the alarm.

"Wait a minute," he continued — "it will show up in a minute. There! there! See?" And he pointed to a black object at some distance from the ship.

"Pooh! that's a porpoise," said a short man, scornfully. "See how it rolls up and then under. A porpoise, fast enough."

"No, it isn't," asserted a positive voice. "That's a piece of wreck, rising and falling on the waves. Now, look! See, it's regular."

A general laugh of scorn greeted the suggestion that it might be the sea-serpent.

But the tall man was positive it was a whale and declared that it would "blow" soon, and he was willing to bet a sovereign on it.

"I'll take you — I'll take you," exclaimed several voices at once.

Then the short man would bet it was a porpoise, and the man in gray would wager it was a piece of wreckage; and for a few minutes there was general confusion, as the bets were arranged and stakes deposited.

Meantime, Gardner called the deck-steward and sent him to his stateroom for his binoculars. Then he carefully scanned the black object; and soon other glasses were brought to bear, and little by little the observers reported the following facts:

"It's floating."

"Yes, it just rises and falls with the waves."

"Doesn't move, does it?"

"No, I think not."

"Right — moves only up and down."

"Small boat?"

"Well — yes — I think so."

"Looks like it."

"Oh, yes — sure, that's a boat."

"See any one in it?"

"No, no sail, no oars, at any rate."

"Something there at the stern, though, isn't there?"

"Can't see well; we move, and that moves."

"It looks to me as though there *was* something there in the stern."

"Look! Look!" came a chorus of voices at once. "There! See! Something white moving! See! See!"

Then all looked and were hushed for a moment.

"Do you suppose they see it on the bridge?" a voice asked.

All heads turned toward "the bridge." There was the captain, the third officer and a quartermaster, each with a glass intently watching the black object.

"Oh, yes, they see it," was the response amid the group on the deck.

"We'll turn over and investigate, then," suggested one.

"The *Nomissian?* Never!" was the quick, short answer.

"What! You mean to say this ship won't stop to save a man's life, or, at least, to find out whether it is possible to save life?"

"It has got to make its time. That's what I mean," responded the other.

"Barbarous!" ejaculated one.

"Ah, but remember," interposed a placid speaker, "majorities rule nowadays. The greatest good to the greatest number must be the principle of action. Every modern invention and improvement, and every great service to mankind involves the sacrifice of some. We must take it as a matter of course. Society must serve the mass and not the individual. Here are two thousand of the best people on this vessel; we can't turn aside for one man out there, no one knows who."

"False!" warmly interposed a hitherto quiet gentleman. "False from top to bottom. Society can only serve and save itself by cultivating regard for each of its parts, however weak and insignificant. There is no waif, no criminal, no widow, no simpering imbecile, no raving maniac, no emaciated invalid, as well as no shipwrecked mariner, that society can afford to overlook and let perish, if society itself would stand. It is by attention to each of her parts that society keeps her whole. That man out there is a son, perhaps a father, surely a citizen, surely a neighbor."

Greene and Gardner drew to one side and did not further heed the conversation.

"I tell you, Greene," said Gardner, thoroughly aroused, "this express transatlantic service is simply murderous! A man was in that boat! I saw him. My glasses are powerful. He moved something white near the stern, but he didn't sit upright. Think of letting a human being drift — drift — starving, emaciated, perhaps raving — blown off from the Banks — blown off from home, from wife and children! It's outrageous! It's awful! I shall speak to the captain about it."

The captain was just coming from "the bridge."

"Captain McDonald, did you see a boat out there with a man in it, showing a white signal?"

The captain looked at Gardner quietly for a moment and said simply:

"We saw nothing. We have our orders to be at the dock in New York promptly at noon on Wednesday."

. . . . . .

Everybody wondered how Margey would bear the news. She had been into Yarmouth almost every day for two weeks to see if the *Jasper* had arrived, or had been spoken.

The *Jasper* was usually the first fisherman in, but now the *Gary* and the *Corkscrew* had long been back and had discharged large cargoes. They each reported having seeing the *Jasper* with about half a fare, and then had come a fog and a blow, and they had been separated. That was the latest tidings.

Then days had passed by. Margey came anxiously into town, driving up behind the little black horse, with the baby on her arm. On the seat beside her sat Blossom — that's the name John Lancaster had given to their first-born — a daughter. At her feet lay little John — "Dimmy John" big John sometimes called him.

Margey always drove to the fish wharf, in front of Cooper & Cooper's, first. But the *Jasper* was not at the wharf, and there were no tidings of her.

Then, as Margey turned slowly up the street, holding the baby closer to her breast and looking with strained and darkened eyes at Blossom and little John, the old sailors on the wharf smoked their pipes for a time with harder pulls and puffs and then fell

a-talking about the ocean-liners and the fury of their coming upon the Banks and the relentlessness of the rich, determined only to make a quick passage from shore to shore.

"Bankin's changed now," growled one. "'Tain't rocks an' gales, but liners. Liners is wot makes orphans an' widders nowdays."

"Aye, Cap'n," grumbled his crony in assent, "an' there goes anuther, stan's t' reason. Most like th' *Jasper* 's cut down. Simes war a clean skipper an' know'd th' Bank like a book. Jack Lanc'ster war anuther like 'im. Warn't no smarter young man in all Novy Scotia than Jack Lanc'ster. An' Ferg'son, too. Oh, I know'd th' hul lot of 'em. An' now there be ten more widders in Yarmouth County an' Lor'! I dunno 'ow many orphans."

The little black horse walked slowly out of Yarmouth toward Chebogue Point. He had come in at as smart a trot as his little stiff legs could carry him, for his mistress had switched the whip and clucked encouragement to him in quick and hopeful staccato. It is one thing to drive toward expectancy, toward love, toward longing. It is a very different thing to turn the horse homeward with disappointment, fear, dread and perhaps widowhood and orphanage in the carriage. No wonder that the little black horse felt the burden of his mistress's heart, which weighed then heavier than any scales could show.

Every morning now that little black horse made his rapid journey into town and his slow return to Chebogue Point. The neighbors began soon to note the hour of starting and the hour of returning. Some of them, alas! had made the same journey under similar circumstances. If the old road could but speak, what a tale it might tell! But speech is not always necessary. To Margey, now, what could any one say?

But sometimes, as the horse plodded slowly homeward, a few roses were laid on Margey's knee, or a cooky was pressed into Dimmy John's plump hand, or a little doll, which had been brought from Japan by a far-away sailor, was given to Blossom. Sometimes, when Margey had unharnessed the horse and put him into the stable and had dragged herself into the house, she found her dishes washed, her kitchen swept and the kettle cheerfully simmering on the stove. Hands unseen had taken pity and in her

absence had spoken more tenderly and eloquently than could any words which came to her ear.

A fortnight, I say, passed, and everybody was wondering how Margey would hear what they all knew must soon be told her plainly.

Then, one afternoon, the *Jasper* was seen coming slowly into port on the flood tide. She seemed tired and sad — for ships can seem that way. Her pennant was but half way up the shrouds. The men and boys about the wharf had little thought of shouting and rejoicing, for a three weeks' delay meant some misfortune. The crew of the *Jasper* must report first.

The *Jasper* crept up the channel. She drew up to the wharf. Her sails and jibs were furled. Her hawser was fastened to the wharf, but still silence reigned. Every movement about her had been watched; and, as soon as possible, eager men and boys had pressed aboard.

Word had spread in the town. Should word be sent to Chebogue Point? No, not till the news is fully known. But other households were waiting on the dock, looking for husband, son or father. Were they there?

Aye, there was Captain Simes, and there was Ferguson, and there was Robbins, and there was Patterson. They counted them off. And there was Prosser and Crowell and Jock; Hilton and Hartley, Gayton and Smith, and Hall showed up, too.

But where was Lancaster? Where was Jack Lancaster?

Word passed quickly through the company that Jack Lancaster was missing.

"Jack?"

"Jack Lancaster?"

Heads nodded sadly, pitifully.

"Aye."

Everybody knew Jack. He was good and true, and a fisherman and a sailor, every inch.

But who should tell Margey?

That was the question now. How would she bear it?

She had been in town in the morning. She would come again to-morrow. Should Captain Simes go out to the cosy home on the Point? Should he wait until morning?

Captain Simes settled it for himself. He would go. It was his own daughter, and he must be a father as well as grandfather to the fatherless children.

But everybody wondered how Margey would bear the news, and some who did not often pray prayed that she might bear it and that her heart might not break.

. . . . . .

In a few short weeks the old sea-captain received into his keeping the legacy of a dying mother, broken-hearted. He must be mother as well as father in that little home on the Point.

And now, while the great liners, fog or fine, are blindly rushing across the Banks, three little orphans, day in, day out, sit on the rocks at Chebogue Point, looking, looking, waiting, waiting, waiting. No one has told them — no one can tell them — where their father went when the fog shut in and the wind blew fiercely on the Banks. That will remain a tale never told.

The Wrong Street.*

BY ANSELM CHOMEL.

BROADHURST had met the young woman but once, and then by the merest chance. He had done her some little service and been rewarded with a smile and gracious thanks. With that he had dismissed the matter from his mind. A friend had happened on the scene in time to present him; the young woman had said it was a pity that he should have been put to so much trouble on her account, and he had recited a foolish speech — he had read it in a French novel — to the effect that any man should consider it an honor to be her slave.

He had certainly not gone out of his way to meet her, nor tried to extend the acquaintance beyond the first meeting, And as for his foolish speech, it was preposterous to torture it into an offer of marriage. But there was her letter, and there was no mistaking its meaning.

"A mistake of the postman, of course," he thought at first, but the address on the envelope, "Mr. Richard Broadhurst, 54 George Street," settled that point against him.

"No; it's intended for me. Now, this is a pretty situation. Has a man no protection against marriageable girls?"

At first he was simply amazed, then indignant.

The letter made it clear, provokingly clear, that Miss Virginia Hamilton looked upon him as a suitor, and that she was graciously yielding to his entreaties.

"Why, one would think from this," he said, "that I had thrown myself at her feet and begged her to be my wife, when, confound her, I wouldn't — but what's the use of storming around about it? I must get this matter straightened out."

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For Richard Broadhurst was the last man on earth who was thinking of marriage.

But, after all, why not? The boldness of the thought both startled and amused him. It came back. Why not? He could not answer the question, although he called up all his old-time prejudices and all the arguments which to him had seemed to prove conclusively that he should never marry.

He remembered that Miss Virginia was not bad to look upon, that she gave evidences of refinement, and that her manner was pleasing. True, he had noticed a certain haughtiness in her bearing, but that, he thought, would be for the world and not for the man she loved. His old ideas about marriage might be all right so far as the rest of the women in the world was concerned, but Miss Virginia — well, that was another matter. A wife, after all — if Miss Virginia were the wife — might not be the worst thing in the world.

After accepting his offer of marriage — which he had not made — Miss Virginia had written that she would remain with her aunt in New York till a week before the wedding, the date of which, he learned from her letter, was three months hence.

"I suppose," she had written, "that you will call upon your old friend Mr. Gay to act as groomsman." Mr. Gay was the friend who had introduced them.

"Evidently," Broadhurst laughed, "there isn't much for the modern groom to do but to appear at the right time and put his neck into the yoke. The bride-to-be picks out the groom, hints at whom she would like to be 'best man,' names the place and date of the wedding, and looks after things generally. But for the fact that there couldn't very well be a wedding without a groom, I suppose they would eliminate him. But I'll let Miss Virginia manage this little affair."

Then he notified his friend Gay that, being inexperienced in such matters, he was going to put himself into Gay's hands, and asked him to look after such little details as his bride-to-be had not thought to arrange.

He was in a fever of excitement till Gay's answer came, but it reassured him. It was as follows:

"Old hand at the business, and will see you through it. Con-

gratulate you on the bride you are to get. Now, old man, keep cool and don't get excited. Above all, don't do foolish things. Just buy your wedding clothes, be sure to get here on time, and don't worry about anything else. I will attend to all little details."

He then gave minute instructions as to the clothes the groom should wear.

"Really, he's an accommodating fellow," Broadhurst thought, "but I should like to have something to say in this matter. The groom seems to be almost as unimportant a factor in a wedding as an unpreferred creditor where the assets are ten cents on the dollar."

Then followed three months of ecstasy, intermixed at times, it is true, with the fear that something might dash the cup of newly-found bliss from his lips.

It was a sore disappointment to him that he could not, during all this time, communicate with his bride-to-be. She had taken for granted that he knew her aunt's address, and so had not gone to the trouble of sending it in her letter. Strange to say, she did not write again, but this he took as another indication of the relative unimportance of the groom at an up-to-date wedding.

The weeks passed without Broadhurst hearing again from Gay or from Miss Virginia. A week before the date of the wedding, he thought that perhaps he ought to go over and see them, but feared to intrude. They were busy, no doubt, with the arrangements, and would not care to be bothered by one who was to play the minor part of groom. So, impatient though he was, he concluded to await his cue before appearing on the scene. Then, there were his own arrangements to look after. For the fiftieth time he received the solemn assurance of his tailor that his wedding clothes were perfect.

Finally, his wedding day arrived, and he was at the railroad station two hours before the time for the train to leave. Once on the train, he took a seat, but soon left it, to find the conductor and ask him when he would reach his destination. True, he had been consulting the time-table for days, but now feared that he might have made a mistake in reading it; and then it might be necessary to send a message asking them to delay the ceremony until he

could arrive. His fears on this point quieted, he again took his seat, but it occurred to him that the locomotive might be in a bad way and cause the train to lose time. But the conductor said the locomotive was never in better condition.

Half way between his home and that of Miss Virginia, the train stopped. He rushed out of the coach with a hundred questions on his tongue. What had caused the delay? Would it be a long one? Was there a telegraph office near?

His worst fears were realized. Something had gone wrong with a freight train, and the way was blocked. It was several miles to the nearest telegraph office.

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The wedding was set for eight o'clock that evening, and it was ten minutes past nine when Broadhurst leaped from a cab in front of Miss Virginia's home, turned to pay the driver of the foaming horses, and ran up the steps of the house. His ring was answered immediately, and he almost rushed into the arms of his friend Gay. He thought his friend seemed somewhat surprised at his arrival.

"I hope I am not so very late," he gasped.

"The ceremony is over," Gay said, "but you are in time to offer your congratulations. Come this way."

A wedding without a groom was something Broadhurst had not heard of, but he asked no questions. He was in some doubt as to whom he should offer his congratulations — whether to the bride, his mother-in-law or himself, and while he was trying to settle this point in his mind, he was ushered into the presence of the bride and of a gentleman who was a stranger to him.

The bride came forward and gave her hand. Broadhurst thought that she might receive her future husband with a little more cordiality than her manner indicated. To relieve the embarrassment of the situation, he ventured to extend his congratulations, and was glad to perceive that it must have been the proper thing to do, since the bride received them most graciously. Then, with the remark, "I want you to meet my husband," she led him towards the gentleman who had been with her when he entered the room.

After he had been presented, his friend Gay remarked to Virginia's husband:

"You have my friend here — whose name, by the way, is the same as your own, Richard Broadhurst — to thank for rescuing your bride, some time ago, when a team of horses threatened to run her down."

Broadhurst did not catch the other's reply; he was dazed. Gay laid his hand upon Broadhurst's shoulder, saying in alarm:

"Dick, you're ill."

"Nothing serious," he replied; "it will soon pass away. If you will excuse me, I will step outside."

. . . . . .

"Funny thing," said Gay, speaking to Broadhurst a few days later. "Broadhurst — that's the other fellow, not you," with a laugh — "had been trying to win Miss Hamilton's heart for a year before she consented to marry him. Well, just about the time you met her, she concluded to accept him, and after she got to New York wrote to him to that effect. He did not get the letter, and renewed his pleadings. Again she accepted him. Broadhurst wired to me, asking me to be 'best man,' and I promptly accepted. In a few days, I was surprised to get a letter from him with the same request. I concluded the dear fellow, in his joy, was losing his mind.

"Now, the strange part of it is that Broadhurst protests that he did not receive Miss Hamilton's first letter, and that he communicated but once with me; whereas his wife is positive that she accepted him twice, and I could swear that I promised as often to act as 'best man.'"

"What was your friend's address?" Broadhurst asked.

"Number 54 Georgia Street."

Broadhurst said nothing, but meditated upon how easy it would be to make a mistake and write "George" instead of "Georgia."

An Episode of Silver Bow.*

BY WALTER M. APPEL.

HE light was burning late in the Bank of Silver Bow. At his desk sat the bookkeeper, marshalling the columns of figures that danced before his eyes in an interminable procession. With the new month came the usual burden of discounted time-checks from the men who worked in the big mines above the camp. Mel Allen repressed a yawn as he glanced wearily at the clock in front of him. "Ten o'clock, and not half done," he muttered.

The youth had never taken kindly to the wild, harsh existence into which his premonitions of failing health and the advice of an overcautious physician had so unceremoniously thrust him. Life in a quiet New England village had ill fitted him to endure the hardships of a mining camp, nor did he find boon companionship among the reckless spirits abounding in Silver Bow. The local bank offered him a temporary means of livelihood and he shouldered without complaint the heavy duties that his clerkship involved. He held himself aloof from the social life of the camp as something utterly foreign to his tastes.

As he bent once more to his books, the noise of a key in the latch interrupted his labor. In the dim light he made out the features of Dick Barker, the junior member of the firm of Smith & Barker, his employers, the proprietors of the Bank. "Hullo — still at it?" was the greeting of the newcomer.

"Yes, there's a lot of them," quietly answered the younger. "It will take till midnight at least."

He resumed his work while Barker slipped into a chair and watched him. The older man was restless and uneasy, and at intervals cleared his throat as though about to speak.

"Say, Mel," he finally ejaculated. A grunt from the bookkeeper showed that he was listening. "I've got my luck with me

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to-night," Barker resumed. "I could make a big winning if I had the money."

"You let the wheel alone," muttered the man at the desk. "You'll lose like the rest of them."

"No, but I'm lucky to-night," persisted the elder. Then he went on: "Now look here, Mel. To-morrow is the first, and I know that you've got plenty of money in the safe. I'm going to take a couple of thousand, double it between now and midnight, and have it back here long before you quit work. Now don't tell me what Bob Smith would say. Of course he'd object. But I'm going to do it, and Bob will never be the wiser, unless you tell him — which of course you won't." At the last words, uttered parenthetically, Mel merely shrugged his shoulders as if to indicate that his entire duty had been done and he turned away without further words. Barker walked over to the diminutive vault that had never known a time-lock and quickly opened the doors. As he strolled out a few minutes later, he turned to his employé. "I'll have it back by midnight sure, so you needn't bother about it." The other watched him sleepily. "Be sure you shut the front door," he said as he bent over his books again.

The interruption had disturbed his thoughts. The figures would not stand still before his eyes. "I wonder if he closed the door," he thought, as he peered out into the semi-darkness of the outer office. In the shadows, his thoughts ran riot. He wondered what they were doing at home — his father and mother and "the kid," as he affectionately termed his younger brother. And Lu — he hadn't heard from her for a week. Was she trying to forget him, to break off their engagement? He pictured that last evening when he had said good-bye and she had promised to wait for him. The memory was a sweet one and he felt dimly glad that it lingered with him; the garden grew more real as the office faded away. Mel's head drooped lower and lower till it rested on his book. The neglected lamp sputtered feebly and went out, but Mel never stirred.

A rustling noise awoke the sleeper. He realized in an instant that he had been asleep on duty, and a cold breeze warned him that the door was open. He was fully awake now and every nerve was strained to catch some inkling of a possible intruder's where-

abouts. Not daring to make a sound he reached for his revolver, always handy on the desk before him. In the darkness he missed it, but as he drew his hand away, he felt the weapon. Quickly turning his wrist to grasp it, he knocked it farther away from him and it slipped through his fingers over the edge of the desk. At the same moment came the bark of a pistol shot, and Mel pitched forward to the floor with a low, choking moan.

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The Silver Bow *Evening Times* of August 1st made the following reference to the affair:

"Unable to face the punishment that awaited him for embezzling two thousand dollars of his employer's funds, Melrose R. Allen, the bookkeeper of the Silver Bow Bank, shot and instantly killed himself last night while working in the office of the Bank. When found this morning Allen was lying on the floor behind his desk with a bullet wound behind the right ear. Beside him lay his revolver, with one chamber empty. The body was fast becoming rigid and life had evidently been extinct for some hours. An examination of the dead man's books reveals a shortage of about two thousand dollars and it was undoubtedly the unavoidable discovery of his crime that led the young man to his rash act. He was twenty-four years of age and unmarried.

"Mr. Dick Barker, of the firm of Smith & Barker, by whom Allen was employed, speaks in the highest terms of the dead man. His honesty has been hitherto unquestioned and it is due to this fact that he has had entire control over the funds in the bank's vaults. Mr. Barker telegraphed particulars of the son's sad death to the aged father at Warrenville, Mass., asking for instructions as to the disposition of the remains. The father, evidently overcome by the disgrace to his family, in reply merely directed Mr. Barker to bury the body in the Potter's Field at Silver Bow. Mr. Barker, however, who is well known for his many acts of public charity, will at his own expense have the remains decently interred. The funeral will probably be held to-morrow."

The Town that Took Treatment.*

BY JESSIE RENO ODLIN.

TRULY no spot in all Oregon could boast such wonderful natural resources as this town of which I write. Between two rocky promontories lay a strip of fertile land, on either edge of which was a faultless harbor.

If the outer harbor had the advantage of lying more directly in the line of the steamers, the inner harbor had the equal advantage of a longer shore line and closer connection with the railroad that brought grain from the flats beyond and timber from the forests far back on the foothills of the Cascades.

The eastern promontory rose in a series of hills, which at last attained to the dignity of mountains, and amongst these hills lay a chain of lakes, fed unceasingly by the pure mountain streams. The settlers on the inner harbor and the eastern hill had long called their town site Happy Harbor; while the property owners and real-estate promoters, representing the interests of the outer harbor and the western hill, with great anticipations, called their site Hopeful Harbor.

It was the Hopeful Harbor people who lured the boom, who mapped the whole surrounding country into city lots and tempted rival railroads to secure hurried franchises and begin construction work. The Happy Harbor people sold their peaceful, fertile acres for what seemed princely prices, only to wail with regret when in a few weeks' time the property changed hands again at twice the original figure.

An electric-light plant flashed forth in almost a night, a city water system supplied water from the lakes, and work upon an electric street-car line was soon under way.

Upon a hill rising above the western promontory, a brick schoolhouse, which boasted nineteen rooms, rose proudly. While the

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boomers shook their heads and feared it was not centrally enough located, the mothers on the eastern hill sighed to think of the weary tramp their little folks must take until another building should be erected nearer their own homes.

A mammoth hotel formed a marvel of architectural grace and business enterprise, and omnibuses and cabs gave a cosmopolitan air to the streets. Never had a city sprung up with more furious haste — never had property taken such leaps in value. Long lines of newly constructed wharves stretched a golden chain of shining timber against the blue of the waters. Both harbors flourished — the hatchet buried beneath the smiles of mutual prosperity. And then the blow came!

One of the railroads, outraged at the enormous values asked for every inch of land, calmly dropped the proposition, and the rival road, the stimulus of keen competition removed, abandoned both its intentions and its road-bed, and the little old logging road was again the only link connecting the town with the fields and the forests beyond.

The boats which had carried so many passengers into either harbor now carried them forth to other, fresher pastures. The carpenters, the masons, the workmen of every calling, departed as promptly as they had arrived. The electric lights no longer blinked down upon busy thoroughfares, and the street railway never passed beyond the laying of the ties.

Two classes of people fared best — those who, bringing nothing, took nothing away, and those who had enough left to creditably depart. The sufferers were those who remained by the graves of their investments, and took the consequences of their own and other people's folly.

It was during the period of depression and readjustment which followed, that the townspeople reverted half-heartedly to the once hotly contested name question. Being neither happy nor hopeful, and being close companions in misery, they unanimously voted to call the town Twin Harbors.

Under this name it endured seven long years of deep depression. Rows of stores stood vacant, dwelling houses rented for a mere song, the long lines of wharfage changed from gold to gray, and the little children shortened the distance to the "centrally located"

schoolhouse by trudging along the ties that marked the intended course of the electric railway.

But at last something happened. The Spool and Thimble Club, sole relic of departed social life, met one afternoon with Mrs. Van Cortlandt, and from that meeting great changes grew. The usual conversational topics — teething babies, patent washing compounds and shirt-waist patterns — were being duly discussed, when one of the members casually asked, "Had you a pleasant visit in Seattle, Mrs. Van Cortlandt?"

"Very pleasant. Indeed, we went merely for a pleasure trip," answered the hostess with very careful emphasis.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Bangs. "Times must be lookin' up when Twin Harbors folks get to takin' pleasure trips." Mrs. Bangs had invested a neat little fortune in city lots, and had had seven years to repent her poor judgment.

Mrs. Van Cortlandt considered for a moment, and then remarked placidly: "I used to think pleasure trips were among the impossible things of life, too, until I took treatment."

Every one looked puzzled. "Have you been ill, Mrs. Van Cortlandt?" ventured some one, while the doctor's wife looked disturbed, not having heard the case discussed at home.

"No, not ill physically, only as we have all mistakenly been — ill in circumstances. I took treatment for poverty."

Treatment for poverty! Needles were suspended, scissors and thread were dropped, and a court of speechless inquiry surrounded the hostess.

Mrs. Van Cortlandt surveyed her wondering friends in silence for a moment, then laid her work in her lap, folded her hands and began impressively:

"I am glad to be able to tell you all about my experience. It is quite wonderful to me. I had been led to reading along the line of the New Thought by some pamphlets that accidentally came into my hands. I grew deeply interested in the subject, and finally reached the point where I felt the truth and force of the fundamental principle — 'All is Good,' and then I knew that there was no occasion for all this worry, this care, this continual taking thoughts for the morrows, and grumbling over the misspent yesterdays. It was all a disease — just like scarlet fever or rheumatism.

So I wrote to an eminent healer, explained our financial straits, and enclosed two dollars, all I could spare for treatment. You all know that we were about to lose this nice comfortable home because we simply couldn't pay the mortgage — a paltry five hundred. Well, I had a little cottage back in my old home in Indiana. I had tried in vain to sell it, and it rented for just about enough to pay insurance, taxes and repairs. It was insured for five hundred dollars. *It burned after the first treatment!* The insurance paid off our mortgage, and after a second treatment we sold the lot upon which it had stood for one hundred dollars, and so my husband and I just took a pleasure trip to celebrate our good fortune. We are adjusting ourselves to better thought-conditions, — we are getting into a current of harmonious vibrations. We expect no more poverty — no more misfortunes of any kind. Poverty is Error — Error is the perversion of Good — 'All is Good.'"

"I think we had better all take treatment," giggled the minister's wife. She had a reprehensible habit of giggling at everything.

"And have all our property a-blazin'? — no, I thank you," interrupted a practically-minded matron.

"If I could get treatment enough to sell a few city lots, I'd pay a round commission to the healer"; and Mrs. Bangs smiled a grim and disdainful smile.

"Seems to me the whole town had better take treatment."

"Let's appoint Mrs. Van Cortlandt to present the matter to the Council."

"Madam President, I put it as a motion that Mrs. Van Cortlandt and two members of her own selection be appointed to present this matter to the City Council."

There were a dozen laughing seconds, and before the Club had fully realized its action, the painstaking secretary had carefully entered the proceedings upon her record.

Some in jest, some in earnest, all in unison, decided to abide by their action, and Mrs. Van Cortlandt chose, as her assistants, Mrs. Newcomb (who was considered literary, occasionally having poems printed in the local paper) and Miss Sanderson, who was stenographer in a law office, and whose services would therefore be of value in preparing an official document.

The committee, meeting the following day, formulated a most astonishing and unique petition.

This, carefully rolled and tied with a blue ribbon, and placed upon the Mayor's table, represented many wordy discussions, studious consultations of the dictionary, and wasted sheets of foolscap paper:

To the Honorable Mayor and Councilmen of the City of Twin Harbors:

We, the members of the Spool and Thimble Club of the City of Twin Harbors do earnestly request you to take action in the following matter:

Whereas: The town of Twin Harbors has suffered a long and serious season of financial depression, and,

Whereas: We see no hope for betterment of the present conditions unless our request is complied with,

We do hereby ask and beseech that the aforesaid Mayor and Councilmen do appropriate a sum not to exceed fifty dollars, to be used for obtaining from the eminent Mental Healer, Theodore Griggs of Boston, treatment for the town as a mental and spiritual corporation, in which Error has worked sad and grievous circumstances.

We do ask and petition the aforesaid Mayor and Council to submit to the aforesaid Healer, a copy of these resolutions, that he may fully comprehend the situation.

We do wish especial attention to be directed to the vacant buildings, the neglected streets and wharves, the too-distant schoolhouse, and the wretched condition of the city water works.

We present this petition in full faith, believing mental treatment to be (through individual to universal mind) the only means of restoring to this town the commercial and financial position to which its natural resources entitle it, and of which it has been defrauded by the over-zealousness and unscrupulousness of speculators and professional land boomers.

Respectfully submitted by our committee:

Caroline Van Cortlandt.
Mary A. Newcomb.
Anna M. Sanderson.

Just what occurred in the Council Chamber was never divulged, although there were rumors of a most hilarious conclave — of wit and wisdom hitherto unsuspected of the city fathers — who, one and all, refused to go into particulars, but answered all queries to the effect that they certainly had acted favorably upon a petition presented by "the ladies."

Now it chanced that there was a stranger within the city gates, who circulated amongst the homes of the Twin Harborites, and consequently heard much upon the all-absorbing subject of the petition. It chanced also that the stranger was of the journalistic calling, and immediately grasped the situation and converted it

into copy, and presently all the leading papers on the Coast had humorous allusions to Twin Harbors with such headlines as these:

> TWIN HARBORS' MENTAL HEALER!
>
> THE PRETTIEST TOWN ON THE COAST TAKES TREATMENT!
>
> The Law of Vibrations obtains There. — Is it an Incorporated Town or a State of Mind? — A Scientific Experiment of Intense Interest to a Whole Community.

But in spite of its facetious character, this free advertising had a perceptible effect.

Twin Harbors, erstwhile neglected and obscure, became a centre of attraction. People were curious to see the Prettiest Town on the Coast, and, having seen, were enthusiastic over its natural beauties.

A subsequent study of the newspapers disclosed many interesting items concerning its resuscitation:

> Two trains a day for progressive Twin Harbors.
>
> Hereafter all steamers on the San Francisco Line will stop at Twin Harbors, which is manifesting renewed prosperity.
>
> The great hotel building at Twin Harbors, locally known as "The White Elephant," has been redeemed by its former owner, Jack Tillman, who has returned from the Yukon with gold enough to make good his unfortunate boom-day investments. The hotel will be refitted for the accommodation of tourists and summer visitors, Twin Harbors having all the qualities adapted to an ideal summer resort.

It was during this delightful period in its annals that a letter reached the City Council, announcing that the treatment had ceased until further remittance was forthcoming.

An extra session was hastily convened, and though its action was kept secret, as before, there may be found on file in the local telegraph office the following message, addressed to the Healer:

> Resume treatment immediately. Draft by mail.
>
> L. N. MARSDEN,
> City Clerk, Twin Harbors.

So it was that the glory of summer sunshine and roses saw Twin Harbors rise once more to Happy and Hopeful conditions, and assume an enviable place amongst its sister cities.

This story is reprinted from THE BLACK CAT for February, 1896, to meet the continued extraordinary demand.

The Mysterious Card.*

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

RICHARD BURWELL, of New York, will never cease to regret that the French language was not made a part of his education.

This is why:

On the second evening after Burwell arrived in Paris, feeling lonely without his wife and daughter, who were still visiting a friend in London, his mind naturally turned to the theater. So, after consulting the daily amusement calendar, he decided to visit the *Folies Bergère*, which he had heard of as one of the notable sights. During an intermission he went into the beautiful garden, where gay crowds were strolling among the flowers, and lights, and fountains. He had just seated himself at a little three-legged table, with a view to enjoying the novel scene, when his attention was attracted by a lovely woman, gowned strikingly, though in perfect taste, who passed near him, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. The only thing that he noticed about this gentleman was that he wore eyeglasses.

Now Burwell had never posed as a captivator of the fair sex, and could scarcely credit his eyes when the lady left the side of her escort and, turning back as if she had forgotten something, passed close by him, and deftly placed a card on his table. The

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card bore some French words written in purple ink, but, not knowing that language, he was unable to make out their meaning. The lady paid no further heed to him, but, rejoining the gentleman with the eye-glasses, swept out of the place with the grace and dignity of a princess. Burwell remained staring at the card.

Needless to say, he thought no more of the performance or of the other attractions about him. Everything seemed flat and tawdry compared with the radiant vision that had appeared and disappeared so mysteriously. His one desire now was to discover the meaning of the words written on the card.

Calling a fiacre, he drove to the Hotel Continental, where he was staying. Proceeding directly to the office and taking the manager aside, Burwell asked if he would be kind enough to translate a few words of French into English. There were no more than twenty words in all.

"Why, certainly," said the manager, with French politeness, and cast his eyes over the card. As he read, his face grew rigid with astonishment, and, looking at his questioner sharply, he exclaimed: "Where did you get this, monsieur?"

Burwell started to explain, but was interrupted by: "That will do, that will do. You must leave the hotel."

"What do you mean?" asked the man from New York, in amazement.

"You must leave the hotel now — to-night — without fail," commanded the manager excitedly.

Now it was Burwell's turn to grow angry, and he declared heatedly that if he wasn't wanted in this hotel there were plenty of others in Paris where he would be welcome. And, with an assumption of dignity, but piqued at heart, he settled his bill, sent for his belongings, and drove up the Rue de la Paix to the Hotel Bellevue, where he spent the night.

The next morning he met the proprietor, who seemed to be a good fellow, and, being inclined now to view the incident of the previous evening from its ridiculous side, Burwell explained what had befallen him, and was pleased to find a sympathetic listener.

"Why, the man was a fool," declared the proprietor. "Let me see the card; I will tell you what it means." But as he read, his face and manner changed instantly.

"This is a serious matter," he said sternly. "Now I understand why my confrère refused to entertain you. I regret, monsieur, but I shall be obliged to do as he did."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that you cannot remain here."

With that he turned on his heel, and the indignant guest could not prevail upon him to give any explanation.

"We'll see about this," said Burwell, thoroughly angered.

It was now nearly noon, and the New Yorker remembered an engagement to lunch with a friend from Boston, who, with his family, was stopping at the Hotel de l'Alma. With his luggage on the carriage, he ordered the *cocher* to drive directly there, determined to take counsel with his countryman before selecting new quarters. His friend was highly indignant when he heard the story — a fact that gave Burwell no little comfort, knowing, as he did, that the man was accustomed to foreign ways from long residence abroad.

"It is some silly mistake, my dear fellow; I wouldn't pay any attention to it. Just have your luggage taken down and stay here. It is a nice, homelike place, and it will be very jolly, all being together. But, first, let me prepare a little 'nerve settler' for you."

After the two had lingered a moment over their Manhattan cocktails, Burwell's friend excused himself to call the ladies. He had proceeded only two or three steps when he turned, and said: "Let's see that mysterious card that has raised all this row."

He had scarcely withdrawn it from Burwell's hand when he started back, and exclaimed: —

"Great God, man! Do you mean to say — this is simply — "

Then, with a sudden movement of his hand to his head, he left the room.

He was gone perhaps five minutes, and when he returned his face was white.

"I am awfully sorry," he said nervously; "but the ladies tell me they — that is, my wife — she has a frightful headache. You will have to excuse us from the lunch."

Instantly realizing that this was only a flimsy pretense, and deeply hurt by his friend's behavior, the mystified man arose at

once and left without another word. He was now determined to solve this mystery at any cost. What could be the meaning of the words on that infernal piece of pasteboard?

Profiting by his humiliating experiences, he took good care not to show the card to any one at the hotel where he now established himself, — a comfortable little place near the Grand Opera House.

All through the afternoon he thought of nothing but the card, and turned over in his mind various ways of learning its meaning without getting himself into further trouble. That evening he went again to the *Folies Bergère* in the hope of finding the mysterious woman, for he was now more than ever anxious to discover who she was. It even occurred to him that she might be one of those beautiful Nihilist conspirators, or, perhaps, a Russian spy, such as he had read of in novels. But he failed to find her, either then or on the three subsequent evenings which he passed in the same place. Meanwhile the card was burning in his pocket like a hot coal. He dreaded the thought of meeting any one that he knew, while this horrible cloud hung over him. He bought a French-English dictionary and tried to pick out the meaning word by word, but failed. It was all Greek to him. For the first time in his life, Burwell regretted that he had not studied French at college.

After various vain attempts to either solve or forget the torturing riddle, he saw no other course than to lay the problem before a detective agency. He accordingly put his case in the hands of an *agent de la sureté* who was recommended as a competent and trustworthy man. They had a talk together in a private room, and, of course, Burwell showed the card. To his relief, his adviser at least showed no sign of taking offense. Only he did not and would not explain what the words meant.

"It is better," he said, "that monsieur should not know the nature of this document for the present. I will do myself the honor to call upon monsieur to-morrow at his hotel, and then monsieur shall know everything."

"Then it is really serious?" asked the unfortunate man.

"Very serious," was the answer.

The next twenty-four hours Burwell passed in a fever of

anxiety. As his mind conjured up one fearful possibility after another he deeply regretted that he had not torn up the miserable card at the start. He even seized it, — prepared to strip it into fragments, and so end the whole affair. And then his Yankee stubbornness again asserted itself, and he determined to see the thing out, come what might.

"After all," he reasoned, "it is no crime for a man to pick up a card that a lady drops on his table."

Crime or no crime, however, it looked very much as if he had committed some grave offense when, the next day, his detective drove up in a carriage, accompanied by a uniformed official, and requested the astounded American to accompany them to the police headquarters.

"What for?" he asked.

"It is only a formality," said the detective; and when Burwell still protested the man in uniform remarked: "You'd better come quietly, monsieur; you will have to come, anyway."

An hour later, after severe cross-examination by another official, who demanded many facts about the New Yorker's age, place of birth, residence, occupation, etc., the bewildered man found himself in the Conciergerie prison. Why he was there or what was about to befall him Burwell had no means of knowing; but before the day was over he succeeded in having a message sent to the American Legation, where he demanded immediate protection as a citizen of the United States. It was not until evening, however, that the Secretary of Legation, a consequential person, called at the prison. There followed a stormy interview, in which the prisoner used some strong language, the French officers gesticulated violently and talked very fast, and the Secretary calmly listened to both sides, said little, and smoked a good cigar.

"I will lay your case before the American minister," he said as he rose to go, "and let you know the result to-morrow."

"But this is an outrage. Do you mean to say —" Before he could finish, however, the Secretary, with a strangely suspicious glance, turned and left the room.

That night Burwell slept in a cell.

The next morning he received another visit from the non-

committal Secretary, who informed him that matters had been arranged, and that he would be set at liberty forthwith.

"I must tell you, though," he said, "that I have had great difficulty in accomplishing this, and your liberty is granted only on condition that you leave the country within twenty-four hours, and never under any conditions return."

Burwell stormed, raged, and pleaded; but it availed nothing. The Secretary was inexorable, and yet he positively refused to throw any light upon the causes of this monstrous injustice.

"Here is your card," he said, handing him a large envelope closed with the seal of Legation. "I advise you to burn it and never refer to the matter again."

That night the ill-fated man took the train for London, his heart consumed by hatred for the whole French nation, together with a burning desire for vengeance. He wired his wife to meet him at the station, and for a long time debated with himself whether he should at once tell her the sickening truth. In the end he decided that it was better to keep silent. No sooner, however, had she seen him than her woman's instinct told her that he was laboring under some mental strain. And he saw in a moment that to withhold from her his burning secret was impossible, especially when she began to talk of the trip they had planned through France. Of course no trivial reason would satisfy her for his refusal to make this trip, since they had been looking forward to it for years; and yet it was impossible now for him to set foot on French soil.

So he finally told her the whole story, she laughing and weeping in turn. To her, as to him, it seemed incredible that such overwhelming disasters could have grown out of so small a cause, and, being a fluent French scholar, she demanded a sight of the fatal piece of pasteboard. In vain her husband tried to divert her by proposing a trip through Italy. She would consent to nothing until she had seen the mysterious card which Burwell was now convinced he ought long ago to have destroyed. After refusing for awhile to let her see it, he finally yielded. But, although he had learned to dread the consequences of showing that cursed card, he was little prepared for what followed. She read it, turned pale, gasped for breath, and nearly fell to the floor.

"I told you not to read it," he said; and then, growing tender at the sight of her distress, he took her hand in his and begged her to be calm. "At least tell me what the thing means," he said. "We can bear it together; you surely can trust me."

But she, as if stung by rage, pushed him from her and declared, in a tone such as he had never heard from her before, that never, never again would she live with him. "You are a monster!" she exclaimed. And those were the last words he heard from her lips.

Failing utterly in all efforts at reconciliation, the half-crazed man took the first steamer for New York, having suffered in scarcely a fortnight more than in all his previous life. His whole pleasure trip had been ruined, he had failed to consummate important business arrangements, and now he saw his home broken up and his happiness ruined. During the voyage he scarcely left his stateroom, but lay there prostrated with agony. In this black despondency the one thing that sustained him was the thought of meeting his partner, Jack Evelyth, the friend of his boyhood, the sharer of his success, the bravest, most loyal fellow in the world. In the face of even the most damning circumstances, he felt that Evelyth's rugged common sense would evolve some way of escape from this hideous nightmare. Upon landing at New York he hardly waited for the gang-plank to be lowered before he rushed on shore and grasped the hand of his partner, who was waiting on the wharf.

"Jack," was his first word, "I am in dreadful trouble, and you are the only man in the world who can help me."

An hour later Burwell sat at his friend's dinner table, talking over the situation.

Evelyth was all kindness, and several times as he listened to Burwell's story his eyes filled with tears.

"It does not seem possible, Richard," he said, "that such things can be; but I will stand by you; we will fight it out together. But we cannot strike in the dark. Let me see this card."

"There is the damned thing," Burwell said, throwing it on the table.

Evelyth opened the envelope, took out the card, and fixed his eyes on the sprawling purple characters.

"Can you read it?" Burwell asked excitedly.

"Perfectly," his partner said. The next moment he turned pale, and his voice broke. Then he clasped the tortured man's hand in his with a strong grip. "Richard," he said slowly, "if my only child had been brought here dead it would not have caused me more sorrow than this does. You have brought me the worst news one man could bring another."

His agitation and genuine suffering affected Burwell like a death sentence.

"Speak, man," he cried; "do not spare me. I can bear anything rather than this awful uncertainty. Tell me what the card means."

Evelyth took a swallow of brandy and sat with head bent on his clasped hands.

"No, I can't do it; there are some things a man must not do."

Then he was silent again, his brows knitted. Finally he said solemnly: —

"No, I can't see any other way out of it. We have been true to each other all our lives; we have worked together and looked forward to never separating. I would rather fail and die than see this happen. But we have got to separate, old friend; we have got to separate."

They sat there talking until late into the night. But nothing that Burwell could do or say availed against his friend's decision. There was nothing for it but that Evelyth should buy his partner's share of the business or that Burwell buy out the other. The man was more than fair in the financial proposition he made; he was generous, as he always had been, but his determination was inflexible; the two must separate. And they did.

With his old partner's desertion, it seemed to Burwell that the world was leagued against him. It was only three weeks from the day on which he had received the mysterious card; yet in that time he had lost all that he valued in the world,— wife, friends, and business. What next to do with the fatal card was the sickening problem that now possessed him.

He dared not show it; yet he dared not destroy it. He loathed it; yet he could not let it go from his possession. Upon returning to his house he locked the accursed thing away in his safe as if it had been a package of dynamite or a bottle of deadly poison.

Yet not a day passed that he did not open the drawer where the thing was kept and scan with loathing the mysterious purple scrawl.

In desperation he finally made up his mind to take up the study of the language in which the hateful thing was written. And still he dreaded the approach of the day when he should decipher its awful meaning.

One afternoon, less than a week after his arrival in New York, as he was crossing Twenty-third Street on the way to his French teacher, he saw a carriage rolling up Broadway. In the carriage was a face that caught his attention like a flash. As he looked again he recognized the woman who had been the cause of his undoing. Instantly he sprang into another cab and ordered the driver to follow after. He found the house where she was living. He called there several times; but always received the same reply, that she was too much engaged to see any one. Next he was told that she was ill, and on the following day the servant said she was much worse. Three physicians had been summoned in consultation. He sought out one of these and told him it was a matter of life or death that he see this woman. The doctor was a kindly man and promised to assist him. Through his influence, it came about that on that very night Burwell stood by the bedside of this mysterious woman. She was beautiful still, though her face was worn with illness.

"Do you recognize me?" he asked tremblingly, as he leaned over the bed, clutching in one hand an envelope containing the mysterious card. "Do you remember seeing me at the *Folies Bergère* a month ago?"

"Yes," she murmured, after a moment's study of his face; and he noted with relief that she spoke English.

"Then, for God's sake, tell me, what does it all mean?" he gasped, quivering with excitement.

"I gave you the card because I wanted you to — to — "

Here a terrible spasm of coughing shook her whole body, and she fell back exhausted.

An agonizing despair tugged at Burwell's heart. Frantically snatching the card from its envelope, he held it close to the woman's face.

"Tell me! Tell me!"

With a supreme effort, the pale figure slowly raised itself on the pillow, its fingers clutching at the counterpane.

Then the sunken eyes fluttered — forced themselves open — and stared in stony amazement upon the fatal card, while the trembling lips moved noiselessly, as if in an attempt to speak. As Burwell, choking with eagerness, bent his head slowly to hers, a suggestion of a smile flickered across the woman's face. Again the mouth quivered, the man's head bent nearer and nearer to hers, his eyes riveted upon the lips. Then, as if to aid her in deciphering the mystery, he turned his eyes to the card.

With a cry of horror he sprang to his feet, his eyeballs starting from their sockets. Almost at the same moment the woman fell heavily upon the pillow.

Every vestige of the writing had faded! The card was blank!

The woman lay there dead.

The Deserter.*

BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL.

THE long gray column crawled slowly along the white road — the April sun blazed fiercely in a speckless sky. The cowhide shoes of the tramping regiment raised a cloud of dust that hung heavy in the still air, and then settled slowly. From time to time expectant but listless glances were directed to the rear.

Suddenly a bright speck flashed for an instant upon the hill in the rear, and a moment later a torrent of blue-clad horsemen poured over the crest and swept down the road. The column faced about, spreading out into the fields. It was troublesome to climb the rail fences, so they pushed them down.

In a swirl of sabres that flashed prettily in the bright sunlight the horses came on. A sharp command was spoken and a sheet of flame leaped from the gray line, a haze of smoke was slowly dissipated and the hills gave back an echo to the crash of the volley — a bugle called shrilly.

In strange postures a litter of men and horses were scattered over the ground. Farther back, the retreating cavalrymen bent low on their horses' necks.

With unconcerned weariness the gray ranks fell together and tramped on down the road. The rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia was used to cavalry rushes.

At the tag end of the column a long-limbed mountaineer slouched, a disconsolate look upon his sunburnt face. Occasionally he gave vent to a long and complicated oath.

"How much longer is this fool business to keep up?" he growled savagely to a comrade. "I'm blamed tired of running, myself! No Baker never was a-runnin' befo', *I* know!" He lapsed into moody silence.

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Far back in the white road the dead men made black dots.

When night came the men simply dropped down on the dusty grass by the roadside. Far in the rear twinkled the camp fires of another army.

"Look at them fires," said Jim Baker, indicating the distant lights. "Them fellers air a-bilin' *coffee!*" He chewed savagely on a mouthful of parched corn meal.

Out of the darkness came the sound of a galloping horse and the sharp "Halt! Who goes there?" of the picket. A muttered word, and the "Pass on, friend!" of the sentry.

Soon a whisper passed from man to man, a whisper greeted by some with tears and by some with curses — a truce was ordered — the Army was to surrender.

When the roll of B Company was called in the chill dawn Jim Baker failed to answer to his name.

"Anybody seen Jim?" the Sergeant asked at large.

"Seed him last night," a soldier volunteered.

"Wouldn't a thought it of Jim," was the muttered comment in the ranks; "never would a thought *Jim* would a deserted! Lord! that sho' will kill Jim's old paw. He fit with Jackson in Mexico — told Jim never to come home ef he had to come with his tail betwix his laigs."

The Color-Sergeant raved and swore. Nowhere could he find the tattered flag that he had placed beside him the night before.

When the rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia were turned over to the Army of the Potomac they bore after the name "Jim Baker" the single shameful word, "Deserted."

. . . . . .

Two ex-Confederate soldiers climbed the winding path that led to a cabin perched on the side of the mountain.

"Bill, I jest *can't* tell him!" the taller of the two exclaimed, as they neared the cabin. "Mo' en like he'll fill us full of buckshot fer sayin' so — won't believe hit."

"Ef he wasn't sho' ter find out sooner er later anyhow, I'd say he was killed, but it wouldn't be healthy fer us when he did find out, ef he is most eighty."

A white-haired old man came out from the cabin and seated himself on a bench. His face was crossed by a thousand wrinkles

and he had plainly passed his three score and ten, yet his step was lithe and his eye bright and quick like a hawk's.

The two men approached the cabin and seated themselves on the log step.

"Howdy, boys?" the old man asked.

The two each took a chew of "long green" and meditated. The shorter was evidently of the quicker nature, for he soon became aware that he had been spoken to.

"Jest tollerble, thank yer, Mr. Baker. How yo' comin' on?" he replied.

"Tollerble, thank yer," old man Baker responded.

Presently he looked them over curiously.

"How yo' fellers git off?" he asked.

"Didn't have ter git off — war's done — we-all is licked," the taller one said heavily.

The bushy white brows of the old man lowered.

"Don't 'pear to see Jim with yo'-alls?" he said.

The shorter man nudged his companion and the latter rose.

"Old man, yo' know I's been a fren' of Jim's all my life," he said with a certain rude eloquence. "But I tell yo', ef I had a knowed in time I would a emptied my gun inter him to a kept yer from this: Jim deserted the night afore the surrender." He stopped suddenly and looked expectantly at the old man.

"Boys, I didn't know yo'-alls was sich blamed fools!" he said, contemptuously. "Jim deserted? I tell yer boys, I know Jim — I am the last one of the Bakers alive to-day."

He rose, and with unsteady steps walked to the brow of the hill and gazed far off into the valley where the Chattahoochee made a silver line in the hazy distance.

The two men exchanged a glance and then went quietly away.

. . . . . .

An unbroken river of blue poured over the bridge and up the hill. The faces of the men were free from care, they would soon turn their faces to the North again, the war was over, they were going home.

As the advance guard gained the crest of the ascent an exclamation of astonishment came from a dozen throats. A quarter of a mile from the road, on another hill, showing clear and red like a

DISCREPANCY

sabre gash, was a tiny earthwork — and in the centre, from a sapling that had been stripped of its branches there floated a bullet torn flag — the red Saint Andrew's cross of the dead Confederacy.

As they looked, from the works came a little tongue of flame, and without a cry a man in blue dropped, shot through the heart. An officer gave a command and a company wheeled from the road — the blue river swept on.

Again came the flash, and a soldier fell with a harsh crash of accoutrements. A rolling volley answered and the bullets made little swirls of dust on the breastwork.

For half an hour the fight kept on, then the fire from the hill top ceased. The company stormed up the hill and topped the low embankment . . . then they paused, and the Captain who had led them raised his cap.

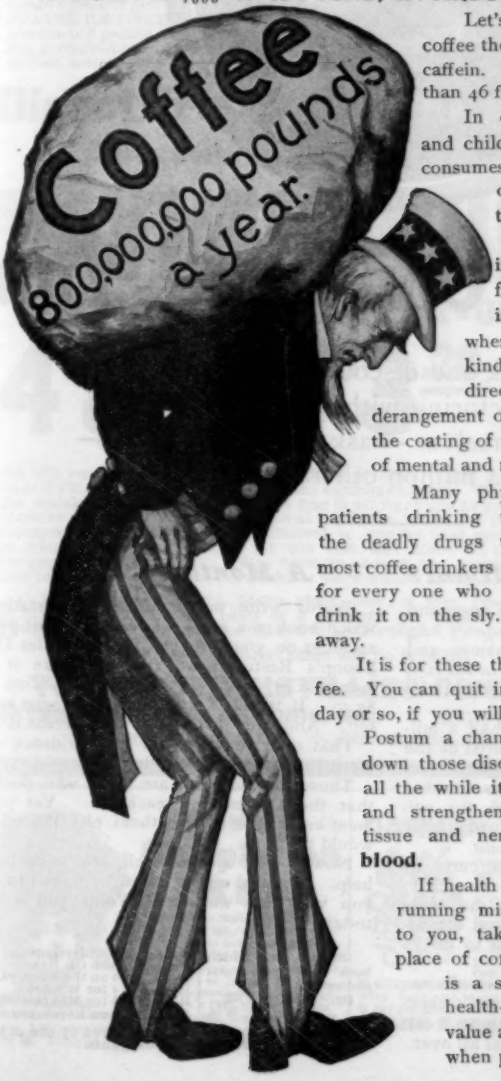
Within the wall — stretched upon the ground — was the form of a single man, a tall and sunburned man, clothed in a uniform of ragged gray. Beside him was an empty cartridge box and a musket. Scratched upon the stock of the gun was the name "Jim Baker."

And, the Captain being a man of understanding, they wrapped him in the silken folds of the red battle flag when they buried him.

ANCY IN PRINT

UNCLE SAM'S HEAVY LOAD

U. S. USES 800 MILLION POUNDS OF COFFEE EVERY YEAR — OVER 10 LBS. PER CAPITA (see report International Coffee Commission, 1902).
COFFEE CONTAINS .008 of CAFFEIN (M. Payen's analysis, accepted as standard).
12 GRAINS OF CAFFEIN IS A FATAL DOSE (medical authorities).
A GRAIN IS $\frac{1}{7000}$ OF A POUND, AVOIRDUPOIS (Webster's Dictionary).



Let's figure it out. In 10 pounds of coffee there are $\frac{8}{100}$ pounds or 560 grains of caffein. Divided by 12 this equals more than 46 fatal doses of this deadly drug.

In other words, every man, woman and child (average) in the United States consumes little by little in one year enough of the poisonous alkaloid, caffein, to kill 46 people.

As the coffee drinker takes it in small doses and diluted, this caffein does not kill outright. But it is easy to believe medical science when it tells us that coffee sets up all kinds of diseases. Science says coffee directly attacks the vital organs, causes derangement of the heart, kidney troubles, ruins the coating of the stomach, and sets up all kinds of mental and nervous ails.

Many physicians now absolutely prohibit patients drinking tea or coffee, on account of the deadly drugs that these drinks contain. But most coffee drinkers are such slaves to the habit that for every one who stops coffee there are ten who drink it on the sly. They think they cannot break away.

It is for these that science invented Postum Coffee. You can quit instantly and never miss it after a day or so, if you will drink Postum in its place. Give Postum a chance and it will certainly knock down those diseases which coffee has set up. And all the while it is curing these it is nourishing and strengthening and building up muscular tissue and nerve matter. **It is making red blood.**

If health and happiness and a smoothly running mind and body are of any account to you, take on Postum for ten days in place of coffee, and see the result. Postum is a scientific food-drink made from health-giving grains, heavy with food value and delicious in taste and aroma, when properly made.

Let Me Convince You

You who are sick and discouraged —
You who are doctoring without result —
Be fair with yourselves — ask me for the facts —
Learn how half a million others got well.

What Proof do you Want?

I have 65,000 letters from cured ones, and will send all you care to read.

I have a circular giving the names and addresses of one thousand people *in one city*, whom my Restorative has cured in just the past six months. Do you want it?

I have actual records of over half a million chronic cases which I have cured in the past 12 years. Almost every neighborhood in America has its living witnesses to what my Restorative will do. Just ask for evidence and I can overwhelm you with it, for the evidence is everywhere.

My Restorative has made these cures by strengthening the *inside* nerves. It will do that with you. It will bring back the nerve power which alone operates the vital organs. It will give the weak organ power to do its duty.

It does that invariably, and the results are permanent. I speak from a lifetime's experience with diseases that no common treatment cures. It will make you well all over.

A Month on Trial

Simply write me a postal card, stating which book you need. I will then mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is $5.50. If it fails I will pay the druggist myself. And your mere word shall decide it.

That offer itself is the best evidence of merit that a remedy ever had.

Those who accept it are those who doubt that their cases are reachable. Yet you must know that I cure them, else the offer would ruin me.

Now if you are not well, you need that help. A postal will secure it. All the proofs you want are waiting. Won't you write today?

Simply state which book you want, and address
Dr. Shoop, Box 282, Racine, Wis.

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Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
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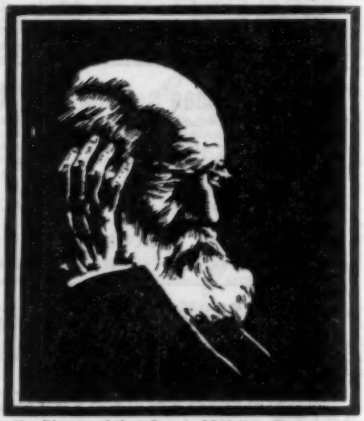

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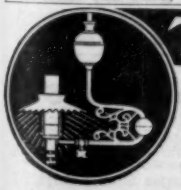

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The most remarkable invention of the past century has just been perfected and patented by us in this country and in all foreign countries. A machine the size of a sewing machine, which makes **CORKS** out of old newspaper scraps and other waste paper. All kinds of waste and scrap paper can be made into corks. These Corks are superior to the regular corks, as they are not affected by acids, oils, etc., and have been tested by leading chemists, and the largest users of corks in the United States, and by them pronounced as far superior to the old style of corks in every way. Each one of our machines will make over three hundred corks per minute. Corks can be made any size, color, or shape, and name or trade mark can be stamped in the top of each cork as made. Our corks can be sold at one-tenth the price of regular corks, which are rapidly advancing in price owing to the scarcity of cork bark, but we can get even higher prices, as **OUR CORKS ARE BETTER.** We have contracts for millions of our corks, and it is necessary for us to establish plants for making them in all sections of the country. We have formed a National Company to handle this business, and now offer a limited amount of the stock of this Company to those having a little money to invest, at **$1 PER SHARE.** Within 60 days the price will be advanced to $2 per share, and within a year will, we believe, be worth $100 per share, as by our patents we absolutely control the cork market. We shall appoint local representatives from among our stockholders, and a few dollars invested now should make you well-to-do and give you an income for life, as this Company will earn millions of dollars per year **We can have no competition, as we own all patents.** Only a limited amount of this stock is offered, and over thirty thousand dollars' worth was subscribed for in our own city the first day it was offered. Not over $500 will be sold to any one person in a locality, as we wish to scatter this stock over the country in order to make a national introduction of our corks at once. Send for our booklet and bank reference, also sample of the corks, stating how much of the stock you wish to subscribe for, and we will reserve the stock until you can investigate us, then if you do not want it you need not take it. You can subscribe for as few or as many shares as you please up to $500. **This is the opportunity of a lifetime.**

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To INVESTORS. To SAVERS.

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BY THE ZODIAC Astrology reveals your life. We will send you a horoscope reading of your life and a most Interesting Book on Astrology, if you send the date of your birth and stamp for return postage. Our readings have made people happy and full of hope and success. Address

MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 N. William St., N.Y. City

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Are Easily and Quickly Cured by Tobacco Specific.

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

A harmless, practically tasteless and colorless remedy that can be given in tea, coffee or food, and will positively cure any case without the patient's knowledge. It also cures tobacco heart and all troubles caused by tobacco, and cannot harm any person. The Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 168 Fifth & Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you, free, in plain wrapper, a trial package of the remedy and the most valuable book on the subject ever published. Write at once for free package and book.

NERVE-FORCE

is a Home Remedy; a noble UNGUENT for external application. It is founded upon the principle that Suffering, Premature Decline and Premature Death are the direct and indirect result of

DORMANT CIRCULATION;

that rescue is assured only by reestablishment of the CIRCULATION of Blood to normal by **directly** charging the controlling battery-cells with **an element imitating the nerve force prepared for that purpose by Nature from food and air.** This imitative element is our faithful NERVE-FORCE, and it will positively reestablish the most sluggish CIRCULATION to par. If the vital organs are intact this consummation means full restoration even in greatly complicated cases. In fact, the disentanglement of fateful complications is *only* possible **by unlocking Nature's life-current from the outside.** By the records of twenty years' work; by the Gold and Diamond Medals for life saving we have won, we prove that our NERVE-FORCE is the key. It is only by *reading* us that you can *understand* us, so we do not advertise our Remedy, but our NERVE-FORCE JOURNAL, which explains its every detail. We send this free (in plain envelope) to as many addresses as you may send us. We are also prepared to prove (by the only evidence that should appeal to thinking men and women—unimpeachable, autographic testimony of their peers) that chronic, progressive, undermining "Diseases," unrelenting Pain, abnormal Growths, Shrunken Flesh, miserable Skin Blemishes etc., are absolutely mastered by this logical (and only reasonable) manner of attack. We say "only reasonable" because it is fatally unreasonable to lash (or coddle) the vital organs by pouring drugs into the stomach—or to "cut" the anguished flesh in "operations." Are you not sick and tired of stomach-drugging and threats of "the knife?" Then, either for yourself or others, kindly send for our details *to-day*. They are absolutely free. **MR. and MRS. GEO. A. CORWIN, 621 Mt. Morris Bank Bldg. (81 E. 125th St.) N. Y. CITY.**

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FREE TO ALL, a trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows, and eyelashes and restores the hair to its natural color. Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 8166 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

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INGROWING TOE NAILS all sufferers can learn of a positive and unfailing cure, based on a scientific understanding of the trouble. For particulars address **A. TERRY, Binghamton, N. Y.**

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I will send FREE trial bottle of my Face Bleach to any lady sending name and address.
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weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will **gladly send particulars free to all.** Even your spare time is valuable. This is no deception, and if you really want to make money address **WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 36, JOLIET, ILL.**

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Would you like to own a beautiful stone which, in appearance, is absolutely indistinguishable from a $200 diamond? Would you like to own a ring or pin set with one of these stones, both absolutely warranted and guaranteed to last your lifetime? Would you like to see what **THE WONDERFUL SOMALI DIAMONDS** look like? Write us a postal card and we will send you full information at once, with handsome catalog and will tell you how you can get one diamond free.
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How to reduce it.
Mr. Hugo Horn, 344 E. 65th St., New York City, writes: "I reduced my weight 40 lbs. 3 years ago, & I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable & harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it & full particulars in a plain sealed package to any address free of charge.
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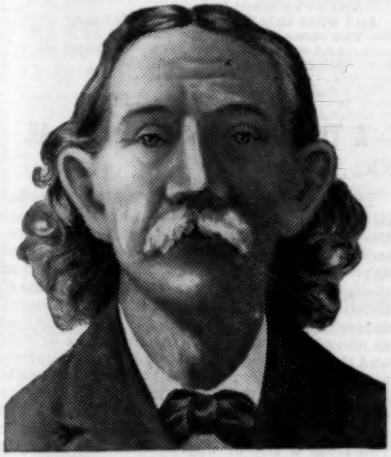
Catarrh, Foul Breath.

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit and There is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That is Catarrh.

Large Trial Package Free—Quickly Cures

Any person having catarrh always has a bad breath. The sense of smell and taste are nearly always totally destroyed in time so that the person who has catarrh does not realize how loathsome their disease is. They continue



FRANK M. JONES, Sweet Home, Ark., Cured of Catarrh After Years of Suffering.

their K'hawking-K'hawking and spitting and spitting about promiscuously until they are shunned by everyone, and the sight of them is enough to make a well person sick. This is not an exaggerated picture. James Atkinson, of Helena, Mont., says: "Twelve years ago I contracted what seemed to be a cold in the head. It soon proved to be a horrible form of catarrh. I tried cough cures, catarrh snuffs, inhalers and all sorts of remedies, and one celebrated specialist treated me over a year without relief. I gave up in despair. The dropping of mucus into my throat and the coughing and hawking in the morning, with awful pain in my ears, grew constantly worse and my breath was something awful. I dare say I used 50 catarrh remedies before I tried Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment. In a week I could breathe easily and naturally and I felt better than for years. To-day I am entirely cured of the loathsome disease and I owe my good health to Mr. Gauss and his wonderful combined treatment."

It gives wonderful relief, especially in those chronic cases where the mucus drops down the throat and lungs, sickening the stomach, and leads to many diseases, including consumption.

Catarrh is a deep-seated disease, and local applications, inhalations, sprays, ointments or salves will do no good. A trial package that will convince you, free. Send name and address at once to C. E. Gauss, 1095 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

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By Magic Foot Drafts. Sent on Approval anywhere in America.

TRY THEM FREE.

They Will Cure YOU.

If you read this, you will probably send for a pair of drafts and be CURED of your rheumatism.

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They cured Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., and he is now using them in his practice.

Letters from these persons and many others are reproduced in our new booklet on rheumatism—also sent free with the trial pair of drafts.

A great many persons try Magic Foot Drafts every month at our expense. Thousands are cured—and pay. Some are not cured, but have found out without expense that they have something else besides rheumatism.

Magic Foot Drafts open the pores of the feet, the largest in the body, and by means of the intricate capillary development of the blood vessels here, draw out and neutralize by alkaline reaction the acid poison accumulations in the blood, reaching and permanently curing rheumatism in every part of the body. Our free booklet will convince you that Magic Foot Drafts, which at first glance may seem unreasonable, are really the most logical treatment ever discovered for rheumatism. We want to send you a pair on approval, without a cent in advance. If you are satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not keep your money. Write to Magic Foot Draft Co., 349 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich., to-day. Send no money—only your name.

To Cure Drunkards

MARY'S MIRACLE.

The day of working miracles
I'm sure is far from past,
And to illustrate what I mean
I'll tell you of the last
Great one that happened right to me,
For I was part of it, you see.

You know the life I used to lead—
A kind of living death,
A drunkard of the hopeless kind—
For scarce a sober breath
I ever drew, and hope and pride
Were lost to me and all beside.

MRS. MARY HARRY,
522 E. 4th-st., Newport, Ky.

No, no, not all—there was my wife,
God bless her ev'ry hour!
She saved me from a drunkard's grave
And from drink's fiendish power.
Just how she saved me you shall see—
This is the way she told it me.

When hope was almost dead within
Her faithful, constant breast
She read of Dr. Haines's Cure,
Then without stay or rest
She sent for Trial Sample free,
And gave it, unbeknown to me!

I drank of it at ev'ry meal—
I ate it in my bread,
While Mary watched me anxiously,
But never word she said;
Until one day I stopped to think
That I had lost my love for drink!

When, quite unconscious, I was cured,
Then Mary told me all;
It seemed a kindness straight from God,
A modern miracle;
I call it this, because my wife
And Haines's Cure had saved my life.

And now my little story's done
And ev'ry word is true,
And what this Treatment did for me,
The same 'twill do for you;
And wives and mothers—one and all,
Take heart of Mary's Miracle.

A Trial Package Mailed Free to All.

This new discovery can be given in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 548 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently; also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

Makes Women Beautiful

Marvelous development accomplished by the new and wonderful "Vestro" method of enlarging the Female Bust.

Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called "Vestro" and is controlled by the well known Aurum Medicine Co.

There is no doubt about the marvelous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about Vestro should send her name and address to the Aurum Medicine Co. They will send free, in plain sealed envelope by mail, a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life showing the actual development induced and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists and prominent ladies all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of Vestro to enlarge the bust no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need do is to send name and address and a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Address

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I have a sensible, harmless treatment that will reduce your weight from **three** to **five pounds every week.** No starving or change of habits required. By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system.

FREE BOOK on **Obesity, Its Cause and Cure,** will be sent **FREE** in a plain sealed envelope. It will convince you.

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LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk B. C., 84 Monroe St., Chicago, Ills.

GUESS AND EARN $5 Send 10 cts. for package of games, conundrums and experiments and your guess. The person guessing nearest to the number of replies received to this ad. before April 1st, will receive $5.00 cash. **E. G. Heald, Dept. 4, Tompkinsville, N. Y.**

5.95 Don't Buy a Gold Plated WATCH which will wear off in a few weeks when you can get a **20-Year Gold Filled Watch for $5.95.** A guarantee in back of every case. The case fitted with a full jewel American model movement. If you want a watch that will wear and keep good time send your name and address and we will send you by express for examination this **Genuine Gold Filled Watch C. O. D. $5.95.** A gold plated chain and charm and a 20-year guarantee free with every watch. Mention Ladies' or Gents' size. Address,
KOHL & CO., 334 Dearborn St., Dept. 142, CHICAGO.

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For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

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FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS, IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS. ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for ***Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*** and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

To any one who has money we offer one of the best paying, surest and most permanent investments to be found to-day.

Whether your sum be small or large, your profit sharing and safety is equally sure.

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Due Jan. 1st, 1933. Denomination $1000
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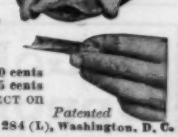

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